

“Back Down”

I feel like asking for patience reader,
Noble reader, dearest reader,
Note from endearer and entreater:
Patience, please.

Queer, queer, an aimless seer, contentious greeter, spiting the hate,
My jealous self sees certainty and arrogant conviction,
And sings it.
To hope and dream, a mass intention, to flee the responsibility of freedom,
Impatience leads me to proclaim, "You're wrong! You're wrong! What is, is all,
And there is no one out there."
But who am I to open eyes? These conclusions I also fear,
I follow along these logic lines doubting what you take for truth.

Another father, unkempt, uncouth, with arrogant conviction,
Equivalent, in righteous vein, but cut of absolution,
I, the one to break your heart and condemn all to fire,
I, the one to criticize your inherent desires,
I, the one to ridicule the cause of your condition,
I, the one to pick apart a natural disposition,
Bleeding forth to ingratiate you with the new constitution.
Where is the right to open eyes? This eloquent profusion,
With diction, wealth of evidence, I speak no absolution,

A knife I bring to cut the strings, the puppet's wrist unbends,
The absent manipulator left the handle,
But the hand rolls across in extension,
And I can't hold that, only the fallen,
Whose hand remains as open,
And now those eyes, by rigor mortis, the shock of the contusion,
How could I, who am I? Am I, the cause of this conclusion?
To open eyes, to open eyes, to absent absolution.

I am afraid; I too do not want responsibility,
But... what... if I... loved you?
Despite all my apparent disability,
Would my hand fall, much as would yours,
When cut from the life you don't understand?
You fear death, and I fear you, but who's the stronger?
No, I don't love you, I never was your sincere sharing lover,
'Madness separates love and reason,'
And we both drink of the middle ground,
But you in drunken stupor fall when cut about the strings,
And I in desperation laugh to kill the gravity.

A Nietzschean once, Romantic thence, always returns a Buddhist,
My hand and knife withdraw pristine—sheathed—yet sharp like an intention
Might life remain like my disdain for bad faith's divine histrionics?
How could I love you? I'm afraid of you.
Which, psychologically would suggest insecurity in my convictions,
And my existence.
I am. Am I? Soy yo. ¿Soy yo?
No, no. No, no.
Mais, bon, je ne sais pas.
Ich. Ich! Ich? Iiiiihhhhhhkkkkkk...

Om

What was that? Did that just happen? It did! It didn't. I can't be sure...
And do I, did I ever love you?
Ha! Just try to localize the absurd!
In doubt I look around and it begins to seem familiar,
Again the present world awaits, my feet explore the Earth,
Exposure, then allured, censured, injured, and deterred to claim of worth,
Left obscure, in twists and turns, and labeled a rebirth,
For what?
So we can cap'talize a wealth of information?
For what?
So we can understand concepts of liberation?
For what?
So we can cherish ev'ry fleeting, passing second?
For what?
So we can gentrify this barren, soulless wasteland?

We? Me. And someday, hopefully, possibly—
You.

Indeed a bitter angst I cry, but muffled to repression,
A futile, endless search for peace in infinite regression,
Back down, back down the mountainside's a nervous waiting station,
Where I sit upon the bench looking left to right in repetition,
Their feet so restless, a muddled mass of mutually assured gestations,
Each life a hollow genuflection from the time of confirmation,
Existing in a chaotically convoluted, albeit purpose-laden union,
I suffer none to look at me, but cringe in apprehension,
They pass without a glance askance, wrapped in their communion,
And looking down, I mutter words bereft of absolution.

"Ego, ergo, sum. Rena-vati-om."